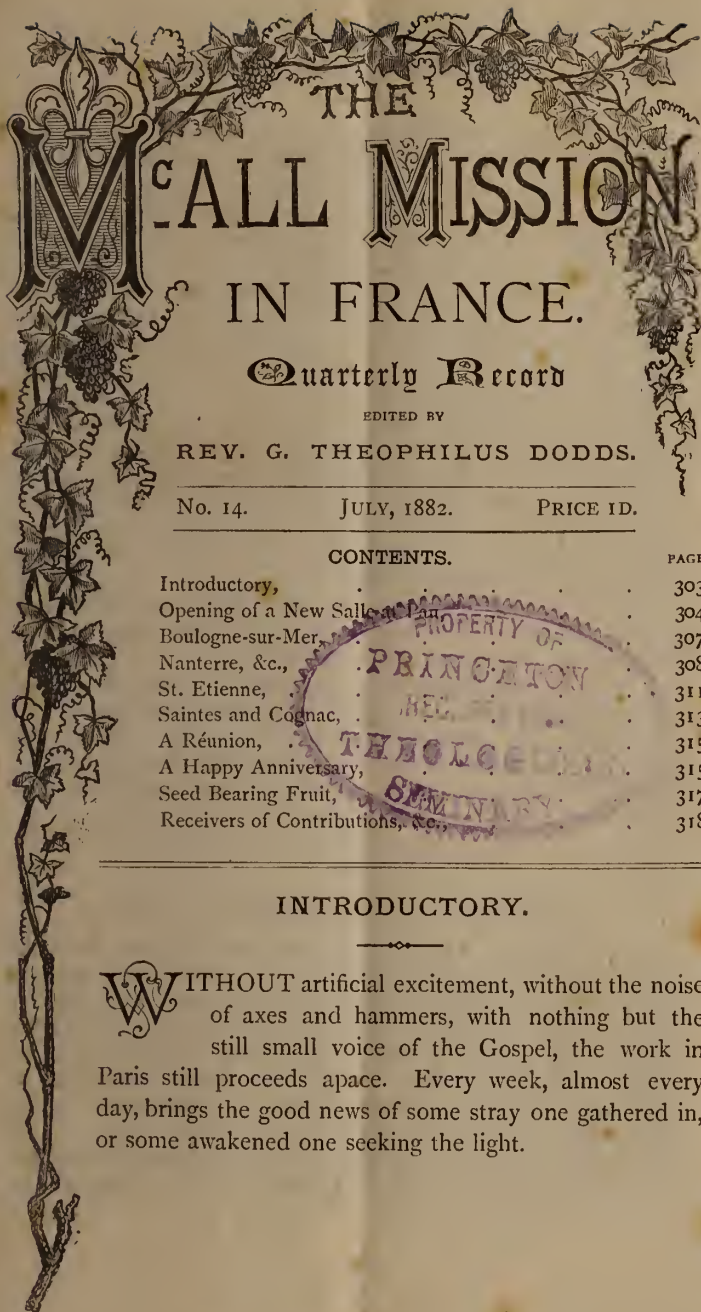




THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

Quarterly Record

EDITED BY

REV. G. THEOPHILUS DODDS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

WITHOUT artificial excitement, without the noise of axes and hammers, with nothing but the still small voice of the Gospel, the work in Paris still proceeds apace. Every week, almost every day, brings the good news of some stray one gathered in, or some awakened one seeking the light.

With the great message of *forgiveness*, the workers go forth as hitherto in quest of the lost ; and with the proclamation of *rest* they address the weary. Not in vain ; no, not in vain, either among young or old ! The heavenly word does not return void. It lays hold of the ignorant, the self-righteous, the infidel, the Romanist, the lover of pleasure, the dead in sin.

In the midst of many discouragements, our Paris workers labour on ; “and he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal ;” so that in the midst of toil and weariness, the song of joy is heard : “The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

Through the chapter read, or the hymn sung, or the simple word of conversation, or the plain tract telling the good news of God’s free love, many are finding their way from the crucifix to the cross ; from the merits of the saints to the righteousness of the Son of God ; from the human priests below to the Great High Priest above. The light spreads ; the Word of the Lord has free course, and is glorified.

But the labourers still are few ; and the means of sending more are lacking. The men and the means are sorely needed. We send out our appeal once more for these.

I can testify from what I saw and heard in June last, when I visited Paris, that the work goes on unslackened ; and I can also testify to the over-toil and exhaustion of the reapers, who, early and late, go out day by day to reap the immense harvest that lies before them. They ask for sympathy, and help, and intercession. Shall we refuse these ?

HORATIUS BONAR.

Opening of a New Salle at Pau.

A new salle, but not a new mission, for this time we found the ground already well prepared for us. Some four years ago, the resident clergymen of the town, both French and English, struck with the destitution religiously of the great body of the townspeople, opened a meeting for them, resembling to all intents and purposes ours in Paris. At first this was held in the Scotch Church, generously granted for that purpose by the kirk-session, but as the workmen hesitated to enter so ecclesiastical-looking a building, a mission-room was procured in a populous district. Here a regular Sunday evening service

was held, with encouraging results, the expenses and the working of the salle being all provided for by a local committee, of whom the most active members were M. B. Pozzy, pastor of the Eglise Libre, and the Rev. George Brown, of the Scotch Church. In March of this year a new mission-hall was procured, farther from the centre of Pau, and among streets more exclusively inhabited by workmen; but funds not allowing the committee to support two halls, the old one was given up. Seeing, however, the eagerness of the people to hear the Gospel, the idea suggested itself to certain earnest Christians among the winter visitors, notably to our warm friend, Mrs. A. Campbell of Tulliechewan, that possibly Mr. McAll might find it possible to supply the money and men needful for the support of a second station. A most cordial correspondence ensued between Mr. McAll and M. Pozzy, the result of which was my being sent down to Pau, authorised to seek out and open a new salle, to be put, like the other, under the charge of the local committee, but to be maintained at the cost of the McAll Mission. The further question of the man or men who should work it was to be settled by personal conference on the spot.

There ensued, therefore, for me a fortnight's pleasant sojourn in the capital of the Basses Pyrenées. The welcome I received from both clergymen and laymen, residents and strangers, was most cordial, and the courtesy and distinguished zeal with which M. Pozzy put himself at the service of the mission, in spite of the extra duties which Eastertide entailed on him, in seeking out salles and interviewing all manner of civil authorities, deserves specially to be mentioned. To the Rev. George Brown also, and his family, whose guests we were during the whole time of our stay in Pau, both mission and missionary owe a debt of gratitude not easily to be paid. The new salle was found in the Rue du 14 Juillet, a street remembered easily by visitors to the Pyrenees as that which leads from the Jurançon Bridge towards the mountains in the direction of Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes. It was a shop never yet occupied, and required only internal fittings before being opened as a mission-hall. A broad-capped Béarnais was therefore sent to haggle in the market for chairs; a simple platform and desk ordered at a trustworthy joiner's, half-a-dozen lamps and an organ hired, and Mrs. Brown's dining-room turned into a workshop

for wall-texts. At last, all was ready, and in pouring rain I went down on Thursday afternoon to nail up the texts. The workmen had just arrived with the platform, and in the dim light of the dying day we worked grimly on, till by the time the lamps were lighted, the room had quite a bright homely aspect. Three little girls who had stolen in at the open door to see what was to be seen, were made happy by being asked to borrow a broom from their mother to sweep out the room, and by a quarter to eight all was ready. Several Christian friends had now come in, and before opening the door we appealed for strength to Him in whose name we had made all these preparations. To the readers of *The McAll Quarterly* it is unnecessary to say that the room was full, or that the audience joined heartily in the singing, and listened eagerly to the addresses, and still stranger, prayer given by MM. Pozzy, Brown, and myself. At the door many were the expressions of thankfulness that the salle had been opened, from none more cordial than from a poor Spaniard, exiled from his country for his Protestantism, who had scarcely ventured to hope for anything so good as the opening of a Gospel-hall so close to his new home. At a second equally full meeting on the following Sunday I had again the pleasure of presiding, and since then I have received more than one encouraging report from Mr. Brown. He says, for instance, in a letter dated 16th May:—"Last Thursday evening I was again at the Jurançon salle. It was filled full, chiefly with men and lads, and they were attentive, and after a hint or two as to conduct, well behaved. But the heat was something stifling! I fear the salle must soon be closed, but it will be ready for another season, and it has been proved that there is a *champ du travail* at Jurançon."

Time fails me to tell of the enthusiastic reception accorded me in the old Rue-Loy Salle, especially on the evening of Good Friday, when, at M. Pozzy's request, I conducted the meeting alone. Seldom have I seen a more impressed-looking audience, almost all in blouse.

Let my readers, reclining at their ease in the luxuriously cushioned pews of a well-ventilated church, think of Messrs. Brown and Pozzy, preaching from the platform of a crowded mission-room, "where the heat is something stifling!"

C. E. GREIG.



Boulogne-sur-Mer.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to give you a short account of what I saw at Boulogne during my too short stay there. On the evening of my arrival there, on the 8th of April, I went to the meeting in the Rue Siblequin, where I found the hall nearly full, that is to say, over 80 people. Being Eastertide, meetings had been held every evening, and the average attendance for the week was over 80, some evenings there were over 100 attentive, serious listeners. The following Sunday, there were about twenty very nice intelligent children in the Sabbath school; I very much admired M. Dégremont's affectionate and childlike way of addressing and singing with the little ones; I also said a few encouraging words to them, and they all seemed well pleased. The three meetings which I conducted at Trinity Church were well attended, from thirty to forty being present at each meeting, except the second Monday, when the weather was such that you would not have put a dog out of doors, yet even this did not prevent the faithful few—sixteen or eighteen—from coming.

During my stay, I made a few rounds in the town and in the harbour, distributing tracts, papers, and Testaments, particularly on board some of the vessels, expressing a wish that the books should be used on board, which was understood, because, a few days after, I met a boy who asked me for another book such as I had given to his father on the boat. I replied, "Your father has one; let him use it." "Oh, no," he answered, "that one is for the boat, but father wants one he can read at home." I gave him one. A good number of the fisher-women attended the last two meetings which I held; I believe their coming was the result of my rounds with the tracts, for I was told that, as a rule, they never come to the meeting. They expressed great delight, and promised to return. I shall never forget that Sunday evening, I think that I never felt such power of love from the Holy Spirit as I did that night; there were tears in many eyes, and I trust that good was done. At the last meeting, a gentleman just returning to Paris, came up to me and expressed his entire satisfaction in all that he had heard and seen in the meetings; he then asked for information about our Mission rooms in Paris, saying, that he would certainly attend them whenever it was possible. I was told

that, formerly, this gentleman was a celebrated freethinker, but my impression is, that now he is not far from the kingdom of heaven.

May the Lord bless His own work in Boulogne, and the good pastor, M. Dégremont, who has undertaken it in His name.

CHARLES BISSON.

Nanterre, &c.

The readers of the *Quarterly* have heard from our friend M. Christol, who is now in South Africa, that an attempt, crowned with success, has been made at Nanterre to announce the Gospel. They will learn with joy that a hall has lately been chosen there by Mr. McAll himself, 12 Rue du Chemin de Fer, and that this hall could not be better situated for the end we have in view, but perhaps they do not know what difficulties we have had to cope with. First of all, the proprietor asked us what we wanted to do; we replied that we wished to hold meetings to make known the Gospel. "You see," said his wife, "if we let this hall to you, you will be just above the vaults of St. Geneviève; look, here, under the threshold of this door, is the well where the saint watered her flock, and under the hall is the vault where her body rested before it was transported to the church that bears her name"; and as the husband consented to let to us, saying truly, "It is not the saint who will hire our shop, or who will give me bread," his wife said to him, in a tone full of fear and respect, "But what will the saint say to their reading a book such as the Bible over her vault?" And turning to me she continued, "You see, sir, the only thing we fear is the curse of St. Geneviève." "Oh, don't be afraid," I said; "she will not stir." But at least, sir, you will not say anything bad of her, because we revere her, and we are under her protection." Strange protection! for the good folks have built their house over the saint's vault, and now they cannot let their apartments.

At last all was arranged. We returned a few days after to conclude the agreement with the proprietor, but, to our surprise, he said with great severity that he would not have us; his intimate friends did not approve of it; several very devout ladies of Nanterre who intended to come and live in his house to share in the blessing of the saint, hearing that he had let his

shop to Protestants, now refused to come. We advised him to come to some of our meetings in Paris to see what we were, and of what we spoke. His visit to Rivoli and St. Honoré meetings caused him to change his opinion, and he became quite willing to let us the hall. We began our meetings on Wednesday, the 26th of April, at 8 o'clock. Mr. McAll presided, assisted by M. Th. Monod, and, though hand-bills had been circulated during the day, the people hesitated to enter. Groups led by curiosity gathered about the door, casting furtive and suspicious glances into the hall, and reading aloud the texts with which we had ornamented the walls; gradually, little by little, especially with the first notes of the harmonium played by Mrs. McAll, they entered. The women made up their minds to come in quicker than the men, and bravely sat down on the chairs offered to them. A few scoffers were outside, but even several of these entered and listened attentively to M. Monod's simple words, which could be understood by all, and which left a good impression on the audience, numbering at this first meeting 52 persons.

The second meeting was held two days after, on the 28th, by M. Vinard; there were seventy present, of which sixty were women and girls. He spoke of the influence of the Gospel on family life, and of its power in educating the young; he was listened to with many signs of approbation. And now the meetings continue every Tuesday, with an average attendance of fifty or sixty people, amongst which we count only three or four men; one of these last came alone at first, but afterwards with his wife and his three children; hearing us announce a special meeting for children, he brought us his own, asking us to instruct them in the Gospel, saying, "There is as much difference between our religion (Catholic) and the Gospel as there is between darkness and light." Many others gave us precious testimonies.

With the exception of the Protestant home for aged women, there are only two Protestants in Nanterre, and naturally no Protestant church. The population is divided into two equal camps—the very devout Catholics and the Free-thinkers. The Gospel announced in this open hall will be, as everywhere and always, light to the blind. May God make it to be an instrument to snatch some from their folly and their wanderings, and others from the shameful yoke of the Church of Rome!

Our meeting at Vaugirard is held not far from a Catholic club, whose influence is felt amongst our people. Not long ago we remarked the continued absence of two faithful hearers who had become Christians, and were distressed to learn, that having been seen one evening to leave our hall, they were reproached by a Roman Catholic woman, and told that the relief which they received each week would be withdrawn. They are old and poor—the husband is eighty, and the wife seventy years old—and they are both ill, and yet, spite of their love for the meetings, which are their very life, they are obliged to stay away to have their daily bread. We have given them a Bible, which is their great consolation, but is it not sad that the liberty of these poor people should be interfered with?—and this, too, is not the only case of persecution.

The Gospel is undoubtedly making progress, but sometimes we are struck as with an arrow, when we see an old man, sixty-five years of age, who, never absent once, will reply to our question if he has accepted the Saviour, “I am too old now, but if I were twenty years younger it might be.” And yet we believe that the light will dawn for him also, and that he shall be saved at the eleventh hour.

The meetings at the Rue Lauriston, which are supported by the congregation of the Scotch Church in Paris, are often attended by a number of noisy young fellows, who sometimes violently interrupt us. However, the Gospel has gained the victory, and several of the young men have begun to walk in the right way. If these lines should be read by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who cared for them with so much love, and zeal, and patience, enduring their raillery with calmness, and praying for their salvation, his heart will rejoice that they have made such progress, and he will recognise therein the answer to his prayers.

At our meeting of La Chapelle, a young man of eighteen years, serious and intelligent, has attended very regularly for a long time. All at once he disappeared. One Sunday afternoon he passed the door of the hall, and told us that his father had forbidden him to attend our réunions, and telling him that the priests knew more than we did about the Gospel, ours being a used-out affair, that we did not pray to the Virgin or to the saints. The young man protested, but his father silenced him,

saying, "You shall not return, or I will not let you leave the house; you shall go to confession." He told me all this with tears in his eyes. I tried to encourage him, and to reply to his questions from the Bible which I had in my hand. This young man wishes to remain faithful to the truth. The Lord has begun a good work in him, and will continue it in spite of Satan.

We shall soon open our new hall at Pantin, Route de Flandre 34, much larger than the present one. That has long been too small for the large audiences that have flocked to it. If God will, we shall speak of this new hall in next number of the *Quarterly*.

G. VAN DER BEKEN.

—♦—
St. Etienne.

June 20, 1882.

DEAR MR. DODDS,—It is some time since any news of our St. Etienne branch has appeared in the *Quarterly*, and I know it always gives you pleasure to hear of the progress of the work. The meetings, of which we have one every night, continue to give us good encouragement, and we feel that they are being blessed to us all. The Monday night meetings are reserved for the *Société Fraternelle*, and are very well attended. Here we feel that we are all united by the same sentiments, and in the same spirit. Many of our converts stand up to make a confession of faith, exhorting the others to follow their example, while others pray or ask to be prayed for. The good these réunions effect is incalculable; they keep firm those who are weak, and they encourage those who hesitate to decide. The Eglise Libre has received a good many who are now regular worshippers, for the worthy pasteur, M. Humbert, is a great favourite with the people. He gives a special conference every Wednesday night in one of our largest salles, and always there is a full attendance. The *ouvroir* for women held in each of the salles, and directed by a lady, an active member of the Church, is progressing and assuming large proportions for which, the funds placed at her disposal are entirely insufficient. We have added a new feature to our work this summer which, with God's blessing, will afford good results, I mean village preaching. A few days ago I went to see a sick child in an out-lying

village, and when the people heard that the *Médecin anglais* was there, they came out to ask me to visit their sick. I thus saw six or seven patients, and after distributing some tracts I asked them if they would like me to come to speak to them. They said they would be very glad, and, a woman having offered her room, a meeting was arranged for the following Sunday. When I arrived I found the people each carrying a chair, waiting for me; we had a very good meeting of over thirty. They asked me to come the succeeding Sunday, and so I did. The attendance was larger; and, seeing the good disposition of the people, I arranged for a meeting to be held there every Sunday afternoon. I was also asked to go to another village, an hour and a-half's walk from St. Etienne, inhabited by the "Beguins," a very peculiar sect, and only to be found in that place. It seems that about sixty years ago a man came down from the mountains, and declared that he was sent by God, and possessed with Divine power. His disciples, of whom he had unfortunately a good number, he dragged into all kinds of immorality—so that, becoming a scandal to the country, he was put in prison, where he died. The sect is known by a peculiar bonnet or headdress, which he ordered them to wear, and hence the name "Beguins," which is the patois for bonnet. These people have the Bible, but their prophet taught them to read it upside-down, as far as its meaning is concerned, in order to suit their depraved practices. Here, in the centre of this sect, I held a meeting on Sunday last, but we had a small attendance, as they were engaged in making the hay,—for their prophet did not make them respect the Lord's day, or any of His commandments. However, they asked me to go again, and, if possible, we will get up another regular meeting, there. This meeting we held out of doors under a cherry tree. We expect to be able to get the Mairie of an important village to hold meetings in every alternate Sunday; they will be well attended. I mean, during the summer, to hold meetings as much as possible in the country, for the reception we have already had is very encouraging. I am greatly occupied at present in advancing the claims of the dispensary that we hope shortly to open. I mentioned in a former number of the *Quarterly* that the Government gave me the permission to pass the examination with certain very important concessions, on account of past services. The examination took place in April last, and I

was successful, so, by God's blessing, this great obstacle to our project is removed. We are only waiting now for funds to pay for the medicines, and with God's help that little obstacle will be also removed. The sum required is insignificant, and we are endeavouring to interest friends in the scheme. The necessity of a dispensary is apparent to any one residing in the town; the people are very poor, and the medical attendance for them is almost nothing, and as for medicines, they are compelled to use herbs. Having announced in the réunions the expected realisation of our desire, the poor people are anxiously waiting for it, but we are not going to open it until we get a sufficient sum, or the promise of it.—Always sincerely yours,

HASTINGS BURROUGHS.



Saintes and Cognac.

DEAR MR. DODDS,—I was very much pleased to receive your kind card this morning. It just happens that the past fortnight has been specially interesting to me, as during the last five months I have not heard of any decided conversions, though there may be hidden ones. I was discouraged; but on the 16th May, I passed through some fields near Cognac, and I met two women—they were guarding their sheep; the elder was a widow, and she told me how she had lost her husband through an accident two years ago, and how she was in deep trouble when the meetings were first held at the Eldorado. She heard of them, but though some of her neighbours were constantly inviting her to go with them, she refused. She had heard some young people say how they had laughed at the meetings, and so she determined she would not go to them. But one day some neighbours prevailed on her to go for once only; she went, and says when the meeting was over she was sorry to have to leave, and has never missed a meeting since; but what is more, she has not missed Christ. The poor woman cannot read; so, in selling her butter one day she met a lady who often comes to the meeting, and she asked her if she would kindly read and explain to her the Scriptures; so every time she goes to this house the lady prays and reads with her for an hour or more. The younger woman who was with her

in the fields also comes with great pleasure to the meetings, though I do not think that she is born again.

The same evening I went to see a poor woman who had just lost her husband suddenly. He had attended the meetings from the beginning, but not his wife, as she had been brought up by the nuns; she was very ignorant and could not read. A few days before his death the man told me that he read the Scriptures to her, but that she could not understand anything. I found her surrounded by her family and friends, all Roman Catholics, and she gave there and then the most beautiful testimony to her husband's change. She said: "Oh, if you knew how much I suffered from my husband's blasphemies before he went to your meetings, but since then he has completely changed; he began to read and to sing the hymns he learnt at the meeting, and ever since it has been another life." She begged of me then to have the kindness to undertake the funeral, and so M. Garnier and I had the most wonderful opportunity to speak at his grave next morning to a large crowd of free-thinkers to whom he had belonged before his conversion, their leader being his master; and I can assure you that God was specially with us. We were filled with the Spirit, and there was power from on high in our words.

At Saintes, our meetings have much diminished since Easter, but I think we shall again have larger numbers. Two of those who have been blessed at the meetings partook for the first time of the Lord's Supper, at Whitsuntide.

Yesterday, to my great joy, I met a young man who habitually comes to our meetings; he took my hand and said with deep emotion, "I have to tell you that I have become your brother since last night." He added, "After I left the meeting, it seemed to me as if I saw Christ crucified for me, and all became clear at once. Oh, if you knew how bad I was! and now all is gone. I have no more desire for these things; all is love now, I see it; I love Him." He came to see me the same evening, and we rejoiced together over his new birth.

With our best love and Christian salutations, we remain ever yours in our blessed Lord,

T. DURRLEMAN.

2nd June, 1882.

A Réunion.

Leaving Grenelle children's meeting, I took the omnibus for Auteuil, and from there to Boulogne sur Seine, where an adult meeting was to be held at eight o'clock. It wanted a few minutes of the hour when I reached Boulogne, so I went to the house of a friend, one of the regular attendants at the little hall, and a true Christian; in her poor little room, the floor of which shook beneath our steps, we knelt in prayer, and rose up comforted and refreshed. From there I went to another person, a helpless invalid, but she was rejoicing in Christ; after prayer with her I entered the hall. A few people were already sitting, talking in a friendly way to each other; soon others joined them; the chairs are filled with men and women who seem to rival each other in good humour—joy beams on all their faces; in a few minutes other faces appear, those who come for the first time—How easy to read this in their countenances? oh, that they also may come to share the joy that fills our hearts! Very few vacant chairs remain. We begin by imploring God's presence and blessing, knowing that our prayer is already heard and answered. God's Word is read and explained, and hymns are sung so heartily; then the meeting is closed with prayer, and those who wish to remain for further conversation and prayer are invited to do so. I proceed to the door with a handful of tracts to give to the others whom I thought would be leaving; but no one moves towards the door, and my heart goes up to God in thanksgiving for this thirst of soul that God has given. We spend a few moments in prayer and in personal conversations, seeking to meet the difficulties of each one, and to lead them to Christ.

H. HANNEMANN.

A Happy Anniversary.

MY DEAR MR. DODDS.—To-day is the sixty-ninth anniversary of one of our dear people who has been, for the last three years, one of the brightest and happiest Christians I know.

She is a widow. Soon after her husband's death she was led to come to the La Chapelle meeting, where she became a most regular attendant. She listened very attentively to what she heard, and for a time felt somewhat relieved in her sorrow, until

a new feeling began to rise in her heart; up to that time she had wept on account of her loneliness and sorrow, but now it was for herself that she was concerned! a deep sense of her culpability before the God who had been comforting her in her distress caused her heart to grieve; the more she went to the meetings the more she felt it, until she became very miserable indeed. One evening, after the Ornano prayer meeting, I saw a tall, elderly person, dressed in mourning, approaching the platform where I stood. She asked me to have the goodness to call at her house, as she was in urgent need of some one to help her.

I thought she was some one wanting material relief, as one often meets such.

The Saturday following being my day of rest, I made my way towards her district. I remember paying that afternoon three visits, one to a person who has been misled through the so-called sisters of mercy; another to a family who has always since been faithful to the meetings, so much so that though living now in a suburb they come regularly to the nearest meeting in Paris, where I see them every time I go—I hope they will be won to the Lord after having been won to His disciples. At last I went to the address I had received on the previous Monday. I ascended the stairs of a very decent house in the Faubourg St. Denis, and soon was face to face with one whose countenance showed the dreadful state of her mind. Soon I found that her conscience had been awakened, and that the sins of a long life had come into remembrance.

So heavy was the burden of them, that she could not bear it any longer. Amid tears, and sighs, and ejaculations of deep sorrow, mingled with fear, I heard what I can properly call the confession of her sins. Indeed, I felt it my duty not to stop her, but wait to listen to what she had to tell me. The Lord knows what I heard. After having somewhat discharged the fulness of her heart, she became calmer, and there was an opportunity for me to speak. I said, "You have need of a Saviour." "And do you believe I can escape the judgment of God?" she asked. I then opened my Bible, after asking for guidance, and sought for the words that could be the needed ointment to this bruised heart—the words and promises for the sinner grieving over his sins and trusting Christ as his able and willing Saviour—the One who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"I feel lost!" she said. "I cannot be forgiven, I am such a great sinner." I remained with her for a long while, several hours, pleading, praying, showing her the texts, making her read them by herself. At last she began to comprehend that God was wonderfully good, and wanted to show Himself good unto her for His Son's sake. He, the Just, who had been made a victim for us sinners, and for her the guilty one.

"Sir," said she, "since you believe God can forgive me, I will trust." Before, leaving I gave her the address of a meeting, where I might see her the next day. When she came, the Lord showed her His mighty power to save and to cleanse from all sin.

Strange as it may seem, she had never been baptized. I accordingly introduced her to a pastor, and soon she had an opportunity of confessing her faith in the Son of God, and of becoming, what she is, a living member of the Church of that pastor. Since that time, she has made every effort to lead others to Christ, by giving away tracts and speaking privately to people. She is, what I said at the beginning, the happiest and brightest Christian I know, one of the many jewels of the Mission and of the Lord of the Mission, ready now, and longing for the presence of her King and Saviour.—I am, dear sir, your devoted,

E. SAGNOL.

Seed Bearing Fruit.

A lady visitor toils up the steep dark staircase of one of the "*cités*"* near the *salle*, on the Boulevard Voltaire. On the fourth storey she knocks at a door, and enters. An old woman of seventy-five is sitting reading. After a few minutes conversation, she opens her heart to her new friend.

"Yes, she attends the hall regularly."

"You have found comfort there, then?"

"Comfort! Yes, more than comfort, salvation. I am saved through that Jesus you speak of at the hall. For thirty years I used to pray three hours each day to all the saints, one after the other, but found myself no nearer to God than when I began; now my eyes fail me, and I must work longer for my

* Blocks of workmen's houses.

bread, but I kneel down night and morning, and pray to Jesus for a few minutes, and think of Him all the day long, and I am so happy, so happy."

How often have we heard from sorrowful lips, "I love going to the hall, it is my only consolation."

E. MOGGRIDGE.

Mr. JOHN BREWIS, C.A., 42 George Street, *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer* of the Edinburgh Auxiliary, acknowledges receipt of subscriptions, from 15th March to 15th June, amounting to £81, 5s., details of which, together with the District Collection, will be found in the Annual Report issued in October.

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